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FRAZER CARTS AND BUGGIES.

I also carry a large stock of Iron Axles and Hardware in endless variety, and do

A General Blacksmithing Business,

Shop, corner Fourth and Sierra Sts., Reno Nevada. Give me a call and be convinced.

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APPLE BOXES A SPECIALTY.

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ON AND AFTER MONDAY, JULY 21st, stages will be run daily, Sundays excepted to Elko, Summit, Beckworth, Mohawk, Johnstown, Plumas, Eureka mines, Oromberg, Quincy, Crescent Mills and Greenville, carrying

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Sierra Bottled Beer, Boca, California.

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By the dozen or case. Orders promptly attended to and goods delivered free of charge. Leave orders or address P. O. Box 401.

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Imported and Domestic Wines, Kentucky Whiskies,

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By the Pint, Bottle, Case, etc. Best Goods at Lowest Prices.

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In Masonic Building, corner Sierra St. and Commercial Row,

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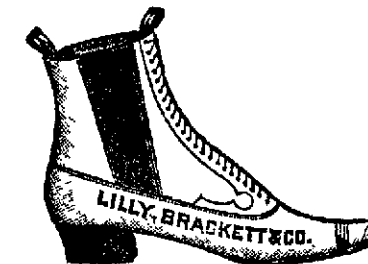
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Mining and other Stocks Bought and Sold on Commission

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MUST COME!

Because my Goods Are Sold at Cost!

Entire Stock of Clothing, Boots, Shoes and Gents'

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Fixtures for Sale and Store to Lease for a Term of Years.

I further offer for sale all my real estate, comprising a dwelling house with improvements and building lots; also horses, buggy and harness all **Cheap for Cash.**

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Sole Agent for the State of Nevada for the sale of John Wieland Brewing Company's celebrated pure and

GENUINE LAGER BEER.

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Favorable terms given to the wholesale trade, and all orders for general and family use promptly filled and attended to.

Daily Nevada State Journal.

C. FOWNING, Editor and Proprietor.

LEGISLATIVE NOMINATIONS.

It often occurs when a United States Senator is to be elected that selections for the legislative tickets are made with more reference to the candidates' preference in that respect than for their fitness for the other duties devolving upon them in the State Legislature. There is no occasion this year for the Republican County Conventions being restricted in their selections to any extent whatever on account of the Senatorial election. Hon John P. Jones has no opposition in the Republican party, nor is it within reasonable probability that he will have, either in the caucus or the joint convention. Such being the political situation of the Republican party in relation to the Senatorship, there is no reason why the County Conventions should consider anything in making their legislative nominations, except the candidates' qualifications for other duties besides voting for Mr. Jones for Senator. It requires the same ability to cast a vote in a Legislature for Senator as to ballot for a Constable in a township convention, but a very different character of ability is required for the creditable performance of other legislative duties, and especially at this critical period of our State's finances and general business depression. This year the election of a Senator is only a small, and a very small incident in the general aggregate of necessary legislative business, and there are plenty of Republicans in every county who, besides being competent to articulate the name of "John P. Jones" when the roll is called in the joint convention, are qualified to vote and act with equal intelligence and sound judgment upon other and more intricate matters pertaining to the welfare and interest of the State and the people thereof. We are aware that the invariable anti-convention newspaper admonition of "nominate only the best men," is getting to be a threadbare and somewhat tedious chestnut, and, devoid of appropriate and significant context, that it is a meaningless one. But the condition of the State and the absolute necessity for unusually intelligent, honest and judicious legislation gives it particular emphasis and significance at the present time. Mr. Jones' re-election is all right. Let us not bother about him, but let us elect men to the Legislature who possess other qualifications than the oral capacity to vote for him for United States Senator.

BETTER THAN THE BLAND BILL.

Representative Clinch is reported as saying that the present silver law is not as good as the old law, because "it simply furnishes a dumping place for the silver of the country without doing it into money." With due reference to the superior financial wisdom which all Congressmen are supposed to possess, the S. F. Chronicle begs to differ from Mr. Clinch and to express the conviction that a law which has forced the price of the white metal up at such a rate that its commercial promises to equal its legal ratio in a few days is decidedly better than the act which permitted the price to drop steadily until it reached 42 pence. If the prime object of bimetalism is to establish and maintain a ratio, then the recent silver bill is the best, for it has come nearer accomplishing that result than the Bland bill, which, in fact, did nothing to arrest the decline of the white metal. It is not essential to the success of bimetalism that a single dollar of either gold or silver should be coined, although when the ratio is established equal privileges should be accorded to each metal.

Not a Gift Taker.

The opposition press has diligently circulated the story that President Harrison's "Cottage by the Sea" was presented to him, and that he accepted it from a group of contributors to a fund for that purpose. William W. McKean, of the Public Ledger, Philadelphia, has written a letter to the press, saying that the exact facts are these: A fund to buy the cottage was raised and presented to General Harrison. Thereupon he returned the same, declining to receive the cottage as a gift or otherwise than by purchase with his own means. His family desiring the place, he then purchased it paying \$3,000 for it and \$2,000 for the furniture. The Philadelphia Record, a Democratic paper, thereupon has the fairness to say: "A letter from such a source, written in such explicit terms, should suffice to make an end of the matter."

What Mrs. Grant says about the proposed removal of the General's body to Washington is very sensible, and no one will fancy that she is making an unreasonable request in asking to be buried by the side of the man to whom she was so faithful for so many years. Congress should provide for the transfer, but it is safe to say that the people would prefer to erect a monument to the memory of the dead hero. The more popular the subscription the better it will suit the American people, for the monument should represent all classes and all sections of the country.

Edmunds announces his intention of introducing in the Senate an amendment to the Tariff bill, authorizing the President to exclude from our ports the products of any nation which discriminates unjustly against American goods. This would be particularly applicable to France unless she rescinds her discrimination against American pork. Germany has already partly abandoned her policy of exclusion in deference to the wishes of her own consumers.

The New York Herald professes to have news that the cutter Corwin has sailed for Behring sea, with orders to seize and dismantle British sealers and that in such an event British Minister Panncofote will ask for his letters, which will be a virtual declaration of war. There is and has been a great deal put forth as news in connection with this business which originated in the imagination of sensational correspondents hard up for facts and bound to fill space. This is probably an instance in point.

The Elko Independent says there is no consistency in the Republican editors of Nevada upon the silver question. Of course there isn't, and there is less consistency in silver itself, which, in spite of everything, keeps on climbing, notwithstanding the protests of the Democratic press against the iniquitous silver bill. While this is extremely sad there don't appear to be any help for it and—silver will soon be 189.

The terms of a treaty of peace between Salvador and Guatemala have been arranged, and fighting will begin this week; at least this is the substance of the news from Central America. If it does not hang together it is the fault of the accomplished hars at that end of the cable.

White Pine Whittlings.

Elko News, August 10th.

Judge Wells, after an eight-day session of court here departed overland Thursday morning for Belmont.

C. M. Thackston, formerly of this county, was a candidate for District Attorney in Jaub county, Utah, at the late election. Charley lacked 21 votes of getting in.

We had some fine showers this week that brought the mercury down some 20°. Reports from several places in the county say it rained very hard.

Nickola & Parsons have turned off the water from the Ely mill ditch, and there are rumors in the air of a big water suit in the near future.

Dr. Sawyer is back from the East. He expects some Salt Lake mining men here shortly to inspect the Rob Roy and another group of mines.

The Merrimac suit, with all its complications, were amicably adjusted in court this week without going to a jury. An agreement was entered into between the several parties whereby each took judgment for the amounts claimed and the personal property and mine were "divided" out in such manner as to suit all contending parties. The tangled web of the Merrimac is now straightened out, and we hope to see it go spinning along without a kick henceforth.

The News man was the recipient of a pleasant call Thursday morning from Mrs. Josephine Walcott, of San Francisco, the plaintiff in the late Bonanza suits. She is a bright little lady of pleasing address with a keen business eye. The lady left the impression on us that all difficulties between her and Mr. Watson were amicably adjusted. We were in the act of inquiring on what line the much desired compromise was effected; but a merry twinkle in the lady's eye shut off what might perhaps have been a rude cut on our part—peering into secrets not yet ripe for public gaze. Mrs. Walcott departed by Thursday's stage for the West.

Sylvania.

The Chloride Belt learns from a gentleman just in from Sylvania, that Mr. Kincaid, the owner of the mines at that place, has received the balance of his purchase money due on the property, and has turned everything over to Mr. Fife. A few men have been put to work on the furnace, and as soon as that is in readiness for working, the ore will be given a thorough test. It is to be hoped that the new company will realize their expectations, and that the company will become a paying investment.

Bar silver 119.



"LITTLE NO PREP"

had lost her sheep and couldn't tell where to find them." So the old nursery rhyme says, and it goes on to bid her "Leave them alone and let them come home and bring their tails behind them." All this may be true of lost sheep, but if you have lost your health you cannot afford to leave that alone. It will not come back of its own accord. Some people brag that they ever bother about colds. They "let them go the way they came." Alas! too often the victims go—to a consumptive's grave. Until very recently a cure for Consumption, which is a universally acknowledged to be a scourge affecting the lungs, were failed. It is the most potent of all diseases, but now people are beginning to realize that the disease is not incurable. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure it if taken in time and given a fair trial. This world-renowned remedy will not make new lungs, but it will restore diseased ones to a healthy state when other means have failed. It is the most potent tonic or strength restorer, alterative, or blood-cleanser, and nutritive, or death-bringer known to medical science. For "Lingering Cough, Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood," "Liver Complaint," and "Dyspepsia or Indigestion," it is an unequalled remedy.

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY cures the worst cases, no matter how long it has been in the system, by Dr. SAGE'S.

FADS OF THE BATHERS.

SOME WAYS OF STEAMING THAT BEAT THE TURKISH BATH.

A Newspaper Writer Is Put Through a Process Which Makes Her All the Colors of the Rainbow—An Ordeal Which to the Uninitiated Is Alas to Torture.

The fads of progressive New York women will kill me yet. Last week I took a "pack," and I am nearly dead. Lost twenty pounds and the power of locomotion for twenty-four hours. My lips and eyelids turned electric blue and my complexion is a pale green with scum motting. I wanted some medicine—a big dose—with a diet of lettuce, prunes, Graham rolls and hot water to see if I could put down the rebellious biliousness of my skin and put on a silver gray gown. I went to see the bathing mistress in the Hoffman house, who used to steam and knead the Jersey Lily and who did several hundred dollars' worth of grooming for the beautiful Duchess of Marlborough. She told me that I "ought to get packed."

"Where to?" I asked.

"Good looks! You can come here for a night or I will go to your house and give you a pack that will make your hair curl."

I gave her my card and made arrangements to be ready for her two days later. Her parting command was: "Take a five meal fast to rest your system, and you will be the color of a lily when I get through with you." She did not say what color or what kind of a lily at the time, but I have since learned that the model I had in mind was the tiger lily.

THE "PACK" DESCRIBED.

I took the fast, and the day she arrived I was as hollow as a pipe stem, and the weakness of the traditional cat was muscular vigor compared to the general goodness of my interior. A small mountain of comfortable blankets was collected, my bed was stripped and covered first with a rubber and then a pongee sheet. Over this was laid a wet sheet wrung out of boiling water in which I was folded like a prehistoric mummy.

The sensation was a little smart at first, and I had a lurking fear that the original hue of whiteness was being scorched from my spinal column. Satisfied of my mistake I relapsed into a state of passivity and the mistress of the bath transferred the mountain of blankets from the floor to my bed. Then she put a cool, wet napkin on my head, and there I lay with the weight of Atlanta's every pore in my body streaming like a country pump. I tried to think I was having fun, for it was a day off and it has always been my motto to make my own sunshine.

Do what I could with my thoughts I felt the blood pumping into my brain and making violent and forcible efforts to escape. The stately mistress of the flesh brush made me keep still, changing the cold cloths on my head, slipped morsels of crushed ice down my throat and encouraging me by frequent reiterations that I was doing well and would have a beautiful color. I stayed in the pack three hours and perspired until I thought there was nothing left of me but the last breath. Then I dropped off of something—I don't know just exactly what—and when I was about to get a glimpse of heavenly things with a lot of short waisted early empire girls and small dimpled boys in feather trimmings floating about in atmospheric nonchalance I was rudely shaken and told to open my mouth. That ended the pack.

THE SENSATIONS AFTERWARD.

I was dosed with French brandy, rubbed with alcohol, polished off with a pair of bath mitts that had the grain of radish graters and put to bed again between warm sheets.

The packer gave me a cup of bouillon, a chop, a roll and a glass of claret, and stayed with me until I finished the first morsel of food I had tasted in fifty hours. Bidding me keep quiet and stay in bed a day or two she relieved me of a \$5 bill I had been saving for a crimson parasol and went off. When I looked in the glass I saw a reflection that beggared the horror portrayed by the impersonators of Victoria and Camille in their last scenes. I was a sort of ox heart red with a mottling of yellow fever and black plague patches done in the fashion that Limoges vases are under glazed. My eyes were on fire, the lining of my lids was white and green, my nostrils were pinched and my lips shriveled and were onion blue in tint.

Briefly, I was a horror. I looked like a resurrection. Mentally I was as idiotic as the ushers in the Bible wedding. But I had been "packed," and there is some satisfaction to a crack brain to know that she has one less tad in the garnet of food to investigate. I have given up the ideal of a gray frock and buckled down to a diet of rare roast beef, boiled onions, rice pudding and vegetable soup, for until I recover some of my lost flesh I have no use for anything but a Spanish scarf and an ulster.

But will you believe me when I tell you that these packs are taken regularly by the fashionably progressive women of New York every day in the week? It's a fact.—New York World.

A Host's Thoughtfulness.

Brown (of Philadelphia).—Come right in, old fellow. Your room is ready and everything necessary to make you feel completely at home is prepared.

Jones (of Pittsburgh).—Hope you haven't taken any trouble on my account.

Brown (heartily).—Very little, but that little will count. Have had four dozen cable car gongs hung under your window and hired a boy to bang them every day and all night.

Jones (overjoyed).—Bless you, old boy! Your thoughtfulness is simply delightful.—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

Horribly Irreverent.

A very wicked young person, to whom an admirer of Ibsen showed the dramatist's photograph, said, with a lofty sneer: "If you wish a real good picture of a Marmoset monkey why don't you get one?"—Boston Herald.

A PERPETUAL MOTION PUMP.

Converting the Rolling Sea Waves Into Power for Pumping Water.

Underneath the pier of the Bond Wave Power company at Ocean Grove, N. J., a mammoth iron egg floats upon the top of the waves. In mild weather the egg bobs up serenely, rising to a height of about fourteen inches above the dead level of the sea, but when the weather is rough and great rollers come rushing in the egg rises forcefully upward five feet or more. It cannot get loose, for it is made fast to the pier by long, strong arms of iron. Up from the top of the mammoth egg a rope runs, and after it has passed over a pulley it stretches on shoreward, and at last enters a wooden building situated upon the beach. In the building is a pump, and the rope is in connection with it. The pump is lifting about 8,000 gallons of water a minute, raising it distances equivalent to the height of the waves.

The explanation of the apparatus and the work it is doing is that Mr. N. O. Bond, whose namesake the Bond Wave Power company is, has successfully completed an experiment undertaken primarily to determine if it were possible to make the ocean, by the motion of its waves, pump enough of itself into Wesley lake to make that lake a body of salt water. There are people living in Asbury Park and Ocean Grove who, considering that the sources of the water of Wesley lake are in the swamp lands, judge that the lake is to some extent a health-rending body of water, and they have for some time wished that it might be salted. Mr. Bond says that he will have no difficulty in making Lake Wesley salt, and he expects to do it. He says that he is perfectly satisfied that his new wave machine will not only do the work which it was especially devised to do, but he is also assured that it will be found a valuable machine for doing other things which need to be done economically.

He says that the machine is strong enough to work comfortably in the roughest weather and that it is built with an especial view to making it run with very little supervision. He says that the wave gate which is in use as the motive power of the street sprinkling system at Ocean Park ran all through the winter of 1889-90 without getting out of order, and that its operations were not in the slightest interfered with by the great storm, which, it will be recalled, was spoken of as "the greatest storm for thirty years." The wave egg, Mr. Bond says, will be as little liable to disarrangement by heavy weather as the wave gate was.

The new machine may be used wherever waves rise and fall, and there need not necessarily be a pier to hold it to its work. It may be kept in place by piles quite as well as by a pier, for, while the force of a great wave is immense, it is not so exerted upon the egg as to give a shock, such, for example, as the shock of a cannon ball.

The wave egg may be made as its uses may demand. The one in operation at Ocean Grove has a major diameter of ten feet, a minor diameter of seven feet, and its weight, conjoined with the arms by which it is fastened to the pier, is about two tons. The length of the arms is thirty-three feet.—New York Times.

Trials of Mail Smuggling.

"I have known," said Deputy Ben Armstrong at the postoffice, "of whole suits coming in letters. You smile? I will explain. A garment that has been cut to fit a customer can be sent by piecemeal. We discovered one-half a trousers leg in a big letter once, and we decided to lay for the rest of the suit. Sure enough, eight big, thick letters followed, addressed to the same man. Our first idea was to send for the man and compel him to pay duty, but then the joke was too good and had to be played to its legitimate conclusion.

"We sent him a piece of the pants, a piece of the vest and a coat sleeve." The deputy went on to say that on the following day the young fellow came in, all of a perspiration. He was expecting some foreign mails from "Lurnon, don't you know," and at least five letters were missing. He was told to come on the following day and the letters might be found.

He came, and Postmaster Van Cott, forced him to open in his presence the three letters they had discovered, and out came the duffable goods and the swell had to foot.

"But," concluded the deputy, "these were not all the letters, and we made him worry for two weeks over the missing pants leg and one little coat tail, on all of which he finally paid duty."—New York Journal.

The Ideal Suburban Site.

Stating it directly, the best work enables us to approach by a drive upon one side, alight at an entrance porch, enter by an entrance hall, advance thence into the hall, and through it out upon the veranda, and so on upon the lawn. This is the simple result, and the reason is as simple. The entrance is for access; the hall, veranda, lawn and the prospect beyond belong to the private life of the house. Tradesmen or visitors, however welcome, cannot be dropped into the midst of the family group. Even the welcome guest wishes to cross the threshold and meet the outstretched hand and cordial greeting within. Even Liberty hall must have its defense.—Bruce Price in Scribner's.

Struck Six Times by Lightning.

There is an old three story tenement house in Randolph, Mass., that is known the country round as the "light house." This house has been struck by lightning six times since 1833, and thrice partly burned. Yet no one of the numerous tenants has ever been killed, although the current has traversed the house a different way each time.—Boston Globe.

A Determined Man.

Johnson.—When are you going to paint that fence for me, Uncle Bastus? Uncle Bastus.—Well, sah, I reckon I'll do it Saturday, if de Lawd's willin'; or if not, I'll do it Monday, anyway, suah.—West Shore.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

OPERA HOUSE DRY GOODS STORE.

AUCTION!

AUCTION!

AUCTION!

THE auction sale at 7:30 P. M. for the past two weeks being a pronounced success, I have decided to sell twice each day, in order to give people residing at a distance a chance to buy first-class goods at their own prices.

Sales Commencing Aug. 16th,

—AT—

2 O'CLOCK AND 7:30 P. M.

—AND WILL CONTINUE—

EVERY DAY AND EVENING UNTIL SEPT. 1ST.

When I Shall Open Out my Fall Stock for Retail Trade.

C. W. BOOTON.

Opera House Dry Goods Store.

P. S. We have at private sale 1,000 prs. Men's Full Calf Sewed Shoes, worth \$4 00, which we will dispose of at \$2 00 per pair.

FIFTY-CENT COLUMN.

All classes of legitimate advertisement not exceeding six lines, inserted in this column at 50 Cents per Week.

Ice Cream.
The Congressional Society will serve ice cream in the Mapes building, next to the Golden Eagle Hotel, every Saturday afternoon and evening until further notice. aug15tf

Climax Bitters.
Climax Bitters, the great liver and kidney cure for blood and stomach troubles, has no equal. For sale by Wm. Fininger druggist, Reno, Nevada, jy25 4w*

Cheap Wagons.
For cheap wagons, buggies, carts and Deering knives and sections call on O. J. Backus, at Jaques & Son's old stand Reno. jy25

Wanted.
An energetic man who understands clothing or tailoring to represent us in Reno and vicinity, as sales agent. Splendid Fall and Winter assortment now ready. Wagonmaker & Brown, Philadelphia, Pa. The latest clothing and merchant tailoring house in America. jy17

Cheap Wagons.
O. J. Backus, of Reno, will sell wagons cheaper by 20 per cent than any other house in the State of Nevada. These goods are a portion of the Jaques & Son stock and must be sold. jy25

To Stockmen and Others.
J. Westlake makes to order men's heavy French kip shoes, full stitch, for \$5. Try a pair. Repairing cheap and prompt. Opposite the Post Office. jy25

Sewing Machines.
Second hand and new from \$5 to \$75. Call and see the new White. Sold on easy installments. Commercial Row. J. S. SHOEMAKER

Special Notice.
As I am retiring from business all parties indebted to me are requested to settle at once, otherwise collection will be enforced. july THOMAS BARNETT

Pianos Tuned.
George Weidens, the well-known piano tuner, is in town and will remain a few days. All those in need of his services will obtain the same by leaving word at the Postoffice. aug19w*

Slaughter in Hardware.
O. J. Backus will begin on July 30th to slaughter the magnificent stock of crockery, glassware, Queensware and lamps formerly belonging to Jaques & Son. Refs. Bergins. jy25

Inverness Hotel.

Board and rooms at all prices. Meals 25-cents. jy27 MRS. M. COUGHLIN, Proprietress.

A Great Sacrifice.

I will sell at or below cost ladies' extra hats and children's school hats to make room for my Fall stock which will soon arrive. At Danbush Millinery Store on Virginia street. aug18-1w MRS. A. F. BLISS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR COUNTY CLERK.

W. A. FOGG ANNOUNCES THAT HE IS a candidate for the office of County Clerk of Washoe County, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention. aug19

FOR COUNTY CLERK.

H. W. HIGGINS HEREBY ANNOUNCES himself a candidate for the office of County Clerk of Washoe County, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention. aug

FOR COUNTY CLERK.

ORLANDO EVANS ANNOUNCES THAT he will be a candidate for County Clerk of Washoe County, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention. aug4

FOR CO. COMMISSIONER, LONG TERM.

W. F. McLAUGHLIN ANNOUNCES himself a candidate for the office of County Commissioner (long term) of Washoe County, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention. aug5

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER LONG TERM.

D. W. O'CONNOR ANNOUNCES THAT he will be a candidate for the office of County Commissioner (long term) of Washoe County, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention. aug8

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER, LONG TERM.

R. W. PARRY ANNOUNCES THAT he will be a candidate for the office of County Commissioner (long term) of Washoe County, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention. aug17

FOR SHERIFF.

W. H. CAUGHLIN, HEREBY ANNOUNCES that he is a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Washoe County, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention. aug17

Daily Nevada State Journal.

PRICE OF DAILY JOURNAL,
12 1/2 CENTS PER WEEK.

BREVITIES.

Governor Stevenson is slowly convalescing.

Sam Allen of Churchill was in town yesterday.

As silver goes up Democracy goes down—in the mouth.

J. F. O'Conor and J. P. Foulks were down from Verdi yesterday.

W. O. T. U. meeting at the Methodist Church at 2:30 p. m. to day.

General R. M. Clarke came down from Carson on last night's V. & T.

Paint your house with the best mixed paints. Sold by Lange & Schmitt.

George W. Baker and M. D. Foley returned yesterday morning from San Francisco.

Go to Lange & Schmitt for garden hose, garden tools, and agate ware. Largest stock in the city.

Mrs. Virginia Rhodes has been improving for the last few days, and is now considered out of danger.

Not a criminal case, not even a disorderly drunk, disturbed the serenity of Justice Young's Court yesterday.

Colonel Sunderland arrived here from London Tuesday night and left yesterday morning for Esmeralda county.

W. H. Wilbur, Supt. of the Lehigh Valley Railway, in Utah, passed through here yesterday morning on his way to Zion.

A W. O. T. U. meeting will be held in the M. E. Church to-day at 2:30 p. m. Eva Barnes, Secretary.

Dr. J. J. Meigs, C. H. Sproule and E. S. Farrington are the delegates from Elko township to the Republican State Convention.

C. A. Richardson, the commercial traveler, for a San Francisco tea firm, arrived here yesterday from Utah on a visit to his family.

All of the stake races for the State Fair have been filled. The races this year promise to be better and more interesting than ever before.

J. R. Harvey and Hugh Darrah were elected in Paradise district in Humboldt county as delegates to the Republican State Convention.

Mr. Parkinson, of the Nevada Land and Cattle Company, returned from San Francisco yesterday morning on his way to Humboldt county.

Mrs. Joseph Grass, wife of the Genesee valley mining operator, passed through here yesterday morning, en route for the Eastern States and Europe.

The Commissioners will hold a special meeting next Saturday for the purpose of considering the advisability of putting in a bridge across the river at Essex.

Miss Grace McAfee, announces herself a candidate for School Superintendent in Esmeralda county, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

In the District Court yesterday Mrs. Ella M. Payne was granted a divorce from Nathan Payne. The decree permits the plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Ella M. Lambert.

Reno Democrats are notified to meet in their respective wards next Monday evening to select delegates to be voted for at the primaries. See notice of Chairman and Secretary of Central Committee.

On Tuesday silver was selling in San Francisco at 120 1/2, five-eighths of a cent in advance of the New York quotation. Even bids have been made at the Bay that it will reach 125 before the first of September.

State Treasurer George Richards has appointed W. S. Bender, of Reno, as his deputy. Mr. Bender will leave here this morning to enter upon the discharge of his duties at Carson. It is a good appointment.

Fred Davis, the convict who lately escaped from the State Prison, pleaded guilty to the charge in the District Court at Carson, August 18, and was sentenced by Judge Kling to serve one year more than his original sentence called for.

Carson Tribune: Mr. Horace Manning, long-time clerk to Bliss & Co., and now of the Carson Mint, left for Bartlett's Springs last evening. Manning has long been a sufferer, but hopes for aid from the medicinal waters and his many friends join in the hope.

John Nichols, of the Union Foundry, returned yesterday from a two weeks' business and pleasure trip to Plumas county, Cal., and to Independence and Tahoe lakes. He says that the outlook in the northern country is encouraging and that the mining prospects in the Johnsville section are especially favorable.

Yesterday's Silver Purchases.
The silver bullion offered for sale to the Treasury Department yesterday amounted to 1,318,000 ounces. The amount purchased was 486,000 ounces, as follows: Fifty thousand ounces at 119 1/4, 16,000 ounces at 119 1/2, 150,000 ounces at 120, and 250,000 ounces at 120 1/4.

The State Must Pay for Advertising.

A Carson dispatch of the 18th inst. says the suit of the Appeal and Tribune against the State for advertising the special election proclamation was decided to-day in favor of the newspapers. The judgment was for the full amount, with costs of suit.

TOM FITCH'S ORATORY.

How a Silver-Tongued Nominated W. H. H. Hart for Attorney-General Four Years Ago—The Same Speech Helps to Make the Same Nomination This Year.

Sacramento Bee, August 16th.

One of the reporters of the Bee, in his Convention 'joitings' of Thursday, put down the following:

C. M. Shortridge, enraptured the somewhat drowsy afternoon by mounting a chair in the middle of the hall, and saying that he had been honored four years ago by going to the Los Angeles Convention on a proxy. While there he heard Tom Fitch extol the services of W. H. H. Hart as a soldier of the Union and he didn't believe it possible for any true Republican to forget that graphic picture.

The point was put in a fashion that caught the Convention and brought cheers from Hart's friends.

Another gentleman connected with the Bee was present at the Los Angeles Convention at the time the nomination of W. H. H. Hart for Attorney-General was made, and well remembers the scene. The word painting by Fitch was magnificent. It was grand. It was awe-inspiring. It was beautiful. Nothing to surpass it has been heard in many a day. Nothing could well be conjured up from the deep wells of oratorical brains to go beyond it in its vivid and brilliant description, the majesty and music of English, the sympathetic chord of its eloquence, the tenacious hold it had upon the heart-strings of its hearers.

Fitch told, as only Fitch could, the story of a day at Missionary ridge. The eloquent Edgerton, whose marvelous flow of language has sounded like the tully of the sea on the beach, and anon like a trumpet call to battle, strained his ears to catch every word as the pleased boy who holds the shell to his ear and hears wonderful music of the spheres that hum and sing in marvelous melody.

Fitch depicted the assault and then the retreat; the shock of arms; the groans of the dying and the yells and the shrieks of the charging mass of murderers; the hill-side running red in the blood of fratricidal foes; the flags, "battle-worn and bullet-shredded," flapping in the breeze, now lighted by heaven's kisses and now obscured by the smoke. Suddenly there is a lull, a pause, and all hearts stop in breathless expectancy. The South is about to win. The brave Union boys are palpitant in hesitancy and a disordered and disgraceful retreat may follow. God of the just and of the right, what can be done? If only a message could be carried to a General far down the ravine, all might yet be saved. But who would undertake such a task? Who would risk a ride through the hell of hurdling shot and hissing shell to usher in the heaven of reinforcements? Not one. The strongest galled at the very thought of the terrible, mad, crazy dash into death. Yes—there was one—a flaxen-haired, leonine-eyed boy of fourteen, some mother's darling. He volunteered for the service, and every heart uttered a prayer to God that the boy might be saved. Down into the very jaws of destruction the youth spurred his maddened horse, his oar long since blown to the winds and his flaxen locks streaming like a meteor of liberty behind. The "reba" have seen him! They have divined his errand! From every gulch rises up a blast from hell, and every tree pours forth its ambushed artillery. He is down! No, he is up again! God be with him! The smoke obscures him! There he is again! He reels a little in the saddle! The boy must be hit! Glory be to God, he is dashing his spurs into his horse again! He has gained the mouth of the ravine! He has entered it! A secure road, a noble horse, and the favor of the God of battles is with him! Now, boys! Rally 'round the flag again! Help, rescue, victory is at hand!

Every weakening limb grew firm, every trembling hand became steady, every eye glanced along the rifle's barrel, and the avalanches of shot and shell made the music of murder in the air. For hours the contest waged, when the Stars and Stripes were dimly seen coming up the ravine, and the flaxen-haired boy was riding by the General's side. One charge from the gallant troops, one last desperate volley by the rebels—a shock and then a retreat—and the battle of Missionary Ridge was won.

"And the flaxen-haired boy who carried the day," concluded the silver-tongued Fitch, "is the man whom I now have the honor to nominate for Attorney General of the State of California—the Hon. W. H. H. Hart, of San Francisco."

Concisely told, and the phraseology undoubtedly somewhat changed, this was the pith of Fitch's speech that memorable night in Los Angeles. The audience was breathless under the spell of the orator's magic. Not a sound was heard save the labored breathing of the straining listeners. Every nerve was trembling, every eye dim with emotion as the orator poured forth his eloquence in an unintermitted and majestic flow. When he concluded, there was a hush for a second. Then arose a roar like the rush of many waters. Men noted like madmen, while from the galleries waved a myriad of handkerchiefs, and every feminine voice added to the shrill pandemonium of the occasion. The dingy hall fairly rocked with the howls and cheers, and the old senoritas must have told their beads in trembling when that raging rush of sound floated out over the orange groves of the Valley of the Angels. Hart's name was on every lip. The man who, before the speech, had no chance whatever for the nomination, was now the crowned hero of the Convention. The foremost candidates fled in dismay before that raging torrent of yells and cheers like a flock of sheep before the piercing whistle of a locomotive, and Hart was nominated

by acclamation amid a wild hurst of intense enthusiasm.

The speech was the talk of Los Angeles that starlit night until the early morning hours. Little by little, however, the glamor of Fitch's tongue lost its effect. Little by little the delegates began to ponder over the story and its many absurdities. Histories of the Rebellion were coned over, and they "electrocuted" Fitch on the battle of Missionary Ridge at every point. The history of Fitch himself was called into the investigation, many whispirings became an open statement, and the consensus of opinion next morning was this:

First—Tom Fitch had told a very beautiful and touching tale, which was entirely a fiction.

Second—He received \$100 for telling it.

INDIAN AL.

The Aboriginal Nature Will Assert Itself Despite Civilized Associations, Training and Education.

Last week "Indian Al." stabbed and perhaps fatally wounded a white man named Jack Bliss, during a drunken row at Ely, participated in by a lot of whites and Indians, male and female. The wounded man was taken charge of by a physician and it is thought that he may recover. The Indian would-be murderer escaped to the hills, but was followed by the Sheriff and captured and is now in jail at Ely.

The history of Indian Al. is a striking illustration of the extreme difficulty, if not the utter impossibility, of eradicating from the red man, by civilized association and methods, the traits, instincts and aboriginal wildness of the Indian character. He was captured, with nearly his entire Digger tribe when an infant in arms, or rather in back-basket, during the Scott River Indian war in Northern California sometime in the fifties. When the captured Indians were taken through Sacramento on their way to a reservation, a number of the papooses were given to residents of that city and vicinity to adopt and raise. Archie McDonald, formerly of Austin in this State, but at that time a rancher in Yolo county, took Al. and raised him almost as one of his own family. As he grew up he had not the faintest recollection of his people or anything connected with his infant life with his tribe. His associations were entirely with white people; he was taught to read and write and his raising was in every respect what a white child's in the same position would have been. In 1865 Mr. McDonald moved with his family to Austin taking Al. with them. Some years afterwards Mrs. McDonald died and the family being broken up, Al., who was then about seventeen years old, was thrown upon the world. Up to that time he knew nothing of any Indian language, or anything more about the customs or practices of his race than the white boys with whom he associated. For a short time he worked around Austin, blaking boots and doing odd jobs, but he soon disappeared, and the writer of this lost sight of him for several years, when one day at Palisade a blanketed, painted, befeathered and somewhat befuddled Indian stepped up to him on the depot platform and addressing him by name, solicited, in true aboriginal style, but in excellent English, a donation of two bits. This proved to be Al., who had discarded the garb, manners, customs and all other accompaniments to civilization, and was as wild and ferocious looking a red-skin as ever whizzed an arrow or bullet at the diaphragm of an emigrant in the early fifties from the willows of the Humboldt or Truckee. Since he left Austin he has lived with the Indians. He has all of the vices of both races, and none of the virtues of either. He has been in nearly every jail in eastern Nevada, and when in the settlements is a confirmed calamity and nuisance. His name "Al." is a corruption or abbreviation of "Hail" as he was originally named after the late Hal Clayton, who was formerly a resident of Sacramento. Al.'s return to civilized life will probably be at the State Prison at Carson.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. feb. 21-sw-ly

A Suggestion.

As the Native Sons of the Golden West refuse to extend their membership qualification, or jurisdiction, beyond their own State, why don't the native young men of Nevada, Idaho, Utah, Wyoming and Colorado organize a similar association under the name of the Native Sons of the Silver West, or the Silver Basin? It would soon rival, if it did not push ahead, of the California organization, and as the white metal will soon be on a parity with the yellow, the title will be fully as high-sounding and toney, besides more euphonious.

Hymenial.

Frank Comstock, a Reno born and bred young man, and Miss Jennie V. Phelan, a native daughter of the Silver West, were united in marriage at the residence of the bride's mother yesterday morning. The happy couple immediately after the ceremony took the train for Wadsworth where they will take up their residence.

A Big Pile of Bullion.

S. F. Report: The Con. Cal. & Virginia Mining Company has a big pile of bullion at the Carson Mint, which has not yet been sold, but which is daily improving in value, as the price of silver rises. The assay value of the bullion is \$175,000, and if sold at to-day's prices it would net the company about \$160,000, as one-half of the bullion is gold. Further shipments will add to this pile. The last bullion sold by the company was at about \$1 13 per ounce, but no more will be sold until the price of silver has gone above \$1 20, which it is likely to do at any time. The Con. Cal. & Virginia Mining Company has overdrawn at the bank about \$43,000 at the present time, and has all this bullion as an offset. It looks as if dividends would be resumed at an early day, as the rise in silver will permit the large areas of fair-grade ore in the mine to be worked at a profit. The pulp assays of the ore were \$22 75 per ton last week, against \$19 50 for the present week.

Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion, and preparation, curative power superior to any other article. A Boston lady who knew what she wanted, and whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below:

To Get

"In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me to buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me theirs would last longer; that I might take it on ten days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I knew what Hood's Sarsaparilla was. I had taken it, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other."

Hood's

When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable, suffering a great deal with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly stand. I looked, and had for some time, like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." Mrs. ELIZABETH A. GOTT, of Terrace Street, Boston.

Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

NEW TO-DAY.

NOTICE.

ALL DEMOCRATS ARE REQUESTED TO meet next Monday evening, August 25th, in their respective wards to select delegates to be voted for at the primaries which will be held on the 30th inst. to elect delegates to the State and county conventions.

First ward at Court House.
Second ward at W. N. Knox's office.
Third ward at engine house.J. P. RICHARDSON, President.
O. H. PERRY, Secretary.

UNION SALOON.

NORTHWEST CORNER OF VIRGINIA AND Second Streets.

RENO.

CHASE & CHURCH, Proprietors.

The best quality of

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Fine Billiard and Pool Tables attached for the accommodation of guests.

Moore's Brands of Whisky a Specialty

Call and See Us.

PALACE RESTAURANT,

IN PALACE HOTEL, . . . RENO, NEVADA

J. GODFREY, Proprietor.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS,

DAY OR NIGHT.

OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE

The public can rest assured that the Palace Restaurant will be maintained in a first-class manner.

—FOR—

WINDSOR AND NEWTON'S

Artists' Materials.

FRESH GARDEN SEEDS AND

TOILET ARTICLES.

—GO TO—

HODGKINSON'S . . . DRUG . . . STORE,

Virginia Street, Reno.

SHOEMAKER & RUTH,

DRUGGISTS,

—And Dealers in—

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Window-

Glass, Mouldings, Etc.

MIXED PAINTS,

ALL COLORS.

NEVADA BUSINESS.

ADVERTISE IN THE DAILY AND WEEKLY

RENO JOURNAL, established 20 years. If you

want to do business in Nevada, advertise in the

JOURNAL.

PALACE DRY GOODS STORE.

GREAT REMNANT SALE!

—AT—

THE PALACE

Dry Goods and Carpet House.

Monday, August 18th,

—AT—

Half Their Actual Value.

There will be Great Bargains in every department as the shelves must be cleared for Fall Goods, which will commence to arrive soon.

Respectfully,

The Palace Dry Goods House

F. LEVY & BRO.

WANTED \$5,000!

On or Before September 1, 1890.

In Order to Raise this Amount We will Continue to Sacrifice Our Elegant Stock of

DRY AND FANCY GOODS!

Regardless of Cost! For Cash Only!

WE HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU.

For every dollar's worth of goods you buy of us during this sale we will give you a PREMIUM TICKET, for which you can have your choice of the following:

- 3 TICKETS Gives you one of those stylish Side Combs.
- 8 TICKETS Gives you one silver-plated Sugar Shell or one Novelty Hair Pin.
- 10 TICKETS Gives you one silver-plated Butter Knife or a pair of very pretty Bracelets.
- 12 TICKETS Gives you the choice of a fine rolled gold plate Lace Pin, a pair of gold fr Cuff Pins, a novelty interlocking Glove Buttoner of fine gold plate or a handsome Bangle.
- 20 TICKETS Gives you one elegant Lace Pin or a pair of choice Ear Rings.
- 25 TICKETS Gives you the choice of a set of Rogers' Tea Spoons, a beautiful Lace Pin, a lovely pair of stylish Bracelets or a handsome Necklace.
- 35 TICKETS Gives you the choice of a set of Rogers' Knives, a superb pair of fine rolled gold plate Bracelets, a very choice pair of Ear Rings or a set of Rogers' Forks.
- 50 TICKETS Gives you the choice of a most elaborate pair of fine rolled gold plate Bracelets, a very stylish fine rolled gold plate Necklace or a set of Rogers' Table Spoons.

THIS IS NO LOTTERY! NO HUMBUG!

You buy our goods cheaper than any other store in the State will sell them to you, and in addition for no extra charge or expense you will receive the choice of any of the above articles according to the amount of tickets you may hold.

Call and see these PREMIUM GOODS, they are on exhibition in our Mammoth Store.

F. LEVY & BRO., Reno, Nevada.

Parties indebted to us must pay up at once and save cost.

H. FREDRICK.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY.

H. FREDRICK,

Successor to I. Fredrick,

Virginia Street ————— Reno, Nevada.

The public generally invited to inspect my new and elegant stock, comprising everything in a first-class jewelry store and my prices defy competition.

Largest and Most Elegant Stock Ever Displayed in Reno.

Repairing of fine Watches and Jewelry a specialty, and at LOWEST PRICES. All goods bought at my establishment ENGRAVED FREE of Charge and without any delay.

MY NEW QUARTERS.

MY PATRONS ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED that I have moved my cigar and tobacco business from the Oakes building to my new store next to John Sunderland's clothing department, where I will be pleased to see all in want of my line of goods. (all)

MT. ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.

Reno, Nevada.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF ST. DOMINIC, will reopen Monday, Sept. 1st, with an addition to the corps of teachers. This academy offers to its pupils all educational advantages; musical, artistic, physical, mental and moral.

